

No 1 729  
The Genius,  
OR  
EXPRESSIONS

O F K  
THOMAS DAVID BEVAN Known

By the Name of

Capt. Clubb,

Who Lead One hundred and twenty Men in the Marquess of Worcester's Regiment, in His late MAJESTIES Service.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the A U T H O R,  
M.DC.LXIII.

To the GENTLE  
R E A D E R.

**T**H E Integrity and Constancy of the heart of the Author of this Poem, appeared real by his Leading of One hundred and twenty Men in His MAJESTIES Army in the Regiment of the Right Honourable Marquess of Worcester, he deserveth a place in the Notes of time among some Worthies of the British Nation, among whom, in memory of that real Service, he hath the denomination of Captain Clubb; but lest he should be buried in Oblivion, he hath committed to Print some Embrio's of his Natural Genius, which ( though not accounted with Skill or Art ) may be taken as real Testimonies of his Good-will to Church and State: Which he humbly offereth to your Candid Interpretation.

Captain Biven, made Capain 14.  
August, 1642.



To King CHARLES the First, of Glorious Memory, Martyr for Church and State, in the beginning of his Sufferings.

1. **K**ING, alone, I moan the many sad tears  
That shoot o're thy beauty,  
And that *Essex* doth vex thee,  
Measure above Misery. thine )
2. What Sect is *Essex* ( that eye-sore of  
*Robin Heathen* the Traytor?  
That Stoneless Professor,  
No Man, no Woman no more.
3. No Man, a *Haman*, a *Semy*, *Diabol*,  
A double horned Fury,  
That carrieth Hell in his Belly,  
An Inhumane Enemy.
4. He'll make King, nothing, to win *Hotham* the Heretick,  
And whorson *Pym* by name,  
That Rogue un worthy *Popham*,  
*Fines* and *Strowd* of *Amsterdam*;
5. *Warwick*, *Lord Bedford*, who bid fray at *Shirbourn*,  
*Haselrig*, holy *Seal*, and *Say*,  
Calumnious *Hamden*, *Calamay*,  
*Holland*, and the grain *Gray*.
6. This Crew did Hell spew, through ipire malicious  
The Militia to endite,  
To cry down the Kings credit,  
And the Gospel to quell quite.
7. King Reign, let no pain pine thee, or were  
Though the Wars be intestine,  
Display again thy Ensign,  
We'll assure thee, all is thine.
8. A& thy part Prince *Rupert*, rout the Rebel *Essex*;  
I say, it is Gods quarrel,  
Furious before a Farewel,  
Pull him down even pell-mel.

9. *Hary Martine* over-seen in sight a Rebel,  
 With *Robin* horned upright  
 A dealer not in day-light,  
 A rank Knave will ne're be a Knight.
10. I might with all right well row, the horror,  
 Of Sir *Edmond Ludlow*,  
 That false Traytor with sorrow,  
 A bright Lad must be brought low.
11. What a life of strife, what strong contention?  
 Count antient time so long,  
 No Age ere bred so hedlong  
 Wars and Charge so large, so long.
12. Treasons, Rebellions are boyling over,  
 A very direful thing,  
 Each man in pain complaining  
 Of the Boyles those Broyles do bring.
13. Dost no Age pity, or put yet to heare  
 The hurts men now commit,  
 Thy blood to shed thinks credit,  
 And plundereth quarter quite.
14. Reconcile this Isle, though sealed with blood,  
 Lord, let Blades be sheathed,  
 And our Sovereign maintained,  
 As our only and high Head.
15. Lord, send Peace and Ease to endure all good;  
 Holy God, make a Truce,  
 Let *Syren* enter *Venus*,  
 Be the Text of the next news.
16. From Fret and Ner, from Dorage and Care,  
 From all kind of roundage,  
 Lord, from ill name and damage,  
 Safe defend *CHARLES* thy Page.
17. He hath War, he hath care, God hath cured *Job*,  
 From jeopardy him saved;  
 From this Isle, O God, thy Rod rid;  
 This War to end be thou minded.
18. Spare thy Rod, O God, for thy goodness sake,  
 And strengthen *CHARLES* thy anointed,  
 Lord, let him find thy mildness,  
 Where thorow his sorrow may cease.

19. Many Town down undone, are most men,  
 Arms too many run,  
 All under them of *London*,  
 Where by gesse the Wars begun.

---

*On the Kings most Excellent Majesty, CHARLES  
 the Second, upon our longing expectation of his Land-  
 ing in England.*

**T**Rue Monarchy (may that Damn'd Time be Curs'd,)  
 in Forty eight, surceas'd with *CHARLES* the First,  
 And Law Twelve years involv'd in Discords Womb,  
 Rebellion on Rebellion did entomb:  
 This best of Government, which now doth spring  
 By Voting *CHARLES* the Second to be King.  
 Loud Acclamations eccho out and ring  
 The Peoples Joy, for to enjoy their King.  
 Our worthy Hero's, pitying his Exile,  
 Are gone to fetch our Sovereign to this Isle.  
 A Miracle of Miracles to me,  
 The preservation of his MAJESTY  
 At *Worcester* Fight, after his sad defeat,  
 Where God himself reserv'd him to be great,  
 As now he is, ordained to inherit  
 His Fathers Diadems, and Matchless Merit.  
 His Fathers Martyrdom I shall pass o're,  
 And mind his Bloody Tragedy no more.  
 He is Translated to eternity,  
 Thrice blessed be his glorious Memory.  
 No more *Astrology* shall pose my brain,  
 Than Calculation of new *CHARLES* his Wain,  
 Which is, to Reign within our Hemisphere,  
 Where blazing Comets lately durst appear;  
 Millions of hearts and eyes conjoyn'd in one,  
 Expect his mounting on his Sacred Throne.  
 A Sacred Throne, where none save Kings must ride,  
 Dismounted lately two Protectors pride.  
 Long may his Royal Stewart-ship remain,  
 God make him *CHARLES*, as great as *Charlemain*.

---

*On His Royal HIGHNESSE the Duke of YORK.*

OF *JAMES* the Great, and *JAMES* the Good I sing;  
 A worthy Brother to a worthy King.  
 As loving as *Adonis*, as stout as *Mars*,  
 Avert in Courtship, and in Feats of Wars.  
 This Thunderbolt of Valour did advance  
 Mighty Archievement in the heart of *France*:  
 And in the Blossome of His Mortal Year,  
 Impos'd upon *Turien's* deadly Fear:  
 Lord *Mazarins* proud head Machinat't will,  
 Ought not to dwell on his shoulders still:  
 He *Omen* is at hand, or should be so,  
 Except the Valiant *JAMES* forgive his Foe:  
 Except *Achitophel* were to his shame,  
 Banish't totally from whence he came.  
*JAMES* by his Father-side a Grandchild is  
 To second *Solomon* King *JAMES* the Wise:  
 By his Mother, *Henry* the Fourth, the Good  
 King of large *France*, imparts his Princely Blood.  
 Wildom and Valour held him by Descent,  
 His inbred Virtues makes Him Eminent.  
 The *Medices*, and the high *Austrian* Lines,  
 He also claims, makes his Descent Divine:  
 So he is more Nobler, Nobler than the Rest,  
 Who search mens Doctrine by the Scripture-Text:  
 If God and Providence will have it so,  
 I wish this natural Imp to *France* will go;  
 To Rave their *Salick* Law from thence, and bring  
 Their Brows and Garland to his Brother-King.  
*Edward* black Prince, and *Henry Monmouths* Facts,  
 I hope brave *JAMES* will parallel their Acts.

---

*On his Grate the Duke of ALBEMARLE.*

O Ur Independants which Depend on none;  
 Are Substamives that mean to stand alone;

And

And yet these *Substantives* have had a fall,  
 To prove old *Lillies* rule, no rule at all.  
 They stir the hobb at the first shout, and then  
 O're-shot themselves, and lost the Game agen :  
 Poor things they are, as Sheep without a head,  
 Since *Lambert's* taken, and *O.C.* is dead.  
 True *Protestants*, Fear did possessus all,  
 As once it did the Army of King *Saul*.  
 When proud *Goliath* did appear in fight,  
 Faint-hearted *Jews* prepar'd our *Chester* fight ;  
 Till Valiant *MONK* like *David*, did approach  
 To wipe away our *Israelites* reproach :  
 He rais'd our drooping spirits from the Graves,  
 And made us *Hectors*, who before were Slaves.  
 To Chase the Daring Sectaries away,  
 That neither Law nor Gospel would obey.  
 Take this for truth upon a Clubbman's word,  
*MONK's* Wit did Conquer beyond *Cromwel's* Sword.  
*MONK* Conquered hearts, put few or none to death,  
 And bravely got Three Kingdoms at a breath,  
 And resigned them on Gods special Warrant,  
 To Royal *CHARLES*, the true heir apparent ;  
 He scorn'd to keep anothers Due by Might,  
 He freely gives to *Cesar* *Cesar's* Right.  
 When the Phanatick Patrons History  
 In time to come shall brand his Memory,  
*MONK's* pretious Fame shall shine in Honors Sphere,  
 And be a glorious Constellation there.

---

On the Right Honourable, the Marquess of Worcester.

I Reverence the High-born *Somerfet*,  
 Extracted from the High-born *Plantaginat* ;  
 His thrice famous Ancestors held ever  
 With the Courageous House of *Lancaster*.  
 Out-facing Death it self with Might and Main,  
 For Confirmation of their Couzens Claim.  
*Henry* the seventh, and *Elizabeth*  
 Fourth *Henry's* Daughter after *Crook-back's* death.

He rap: my  
 Henry for  
 the four

Unite in Matrimony thereupon;  
 The red Rose, and the white, are join'd in one;  
 To beget our eighth *Henry*, and our Peace,  
 Whose Birth did all the Civil Wars appease:  
 Alwayes the *Somerset* have been true,  
 If in the Ancient *Chronicles* ye view.  
 To Kings descending from this double Twin,  
 As they were linked to the *Lancaster* Line:  
 This gracious Marquess, Subject of my Pen,  
 A Prince as vertuous as the best of Men,  
 Scorning to prove degenerate, and be  
 His Parents stain, and Countries Oblique;  
 Acted of Loyalty so much, as proves  
 To *CHARLES I.* as the Enemies confess,  
 Infinite of thousands in a Trice,  
 This *Hero* to his Liege did Sacrifice;  
 Adventuring his own, and his Childrens blood,  
 In Vindication of the Publick Good.  
 The *Herbert* grafted in this golden Tree,  
 Entice my Pen to walk presumptuously:  
 I being the first *Clubb*-Captain, chose this Theam,  
 And cast my Widows Mite to their right stream.

---

On Judge J E N K I N S.

**M**ighty Atchievements, and Supreme Descent  
 Of Kings and Princes were my first Intent;  
 They led the Front, as by my Lines appear,  
 But Princely *JENKINS* shall bring up the Rear:  
 The Honour of Judge *JENKINS* Fame, makes me  
 Rank him with men of highest Quality:  
 He is a man that never stood in Awe  
 Of false Pretenders of new forged Law;  
 No threats nor favours could make him betray  
 Our fundamental Laws (so near decay)  
*Cromwel* his Foe, pitying his Noble heart,  
 Which from true Principle refuseth to start;  
 Forgave him his poor life, God will'd the thing,  
 Because his ancient eyes should see his King.

*Littleton and Cook gave their Device*  
 Under their hands, this man to sacrifice.  
 His aged Corps, as *Abraham* did his Son,  
 To mitigate the Law and Nation;  
 He's now near *Joseph's* years, some *Joshua*  
 Must bear his Office in *Britania*.  
 He way'd Preferment in King *Charles* his Court,  
 Unto the King of kings he would resort;  
 From Law to Gospel is his station,  
 From *Pisga's* top, unto Mount *Sion*.

---

*The Authors Condition and Wish.*

1. **O**nce I lived, I had my Right,  
 Then Companion to a Knight;  
 But now it seems it is so so,  
 Dejected to my cruel Foe.
2. A little house and void of strife,  
 Sufficient food to nourish life,  
 Most perfect health, and free from harm,  
 Convenient Clothes to keep me warm.
3. The Liberty of Food and mind,  
 And Grace of God alwayes to find:  
 This is the Sum of my desire,  
 Until I come to Heavens Quire.

*The Prophecie of Paulus Grabyncrius Twenty Years before the  
 Death of Queen Elizabeth, being an Italian, who presented  
 this Prophecie to Queen Elizabeth, and she sent it to Cam-  
 bridge to be Printed in Prose, and now in Verse by the Au-  
 then hereof. The Tune is, When the King enjoys his  
 own again.*

**P**rediction of Strange Prophecie I am prepar'd to unfold,  
 The which for many years ago to Qu. *Elizabeth* was told.  
 The Prophecie from *Germany* unto the Queen of purpose came,  
 And tell what should come to pass, *Panthus Grabyncrius* was his name.  
 He told the Queen how long that she should live, and Rule in Peace,  
 And that a *Norman* King should Rule and Govern after her decease,

And

And that a *Scottish* King should Reign in *England* Two and twenty years,  
 And be beloved of rich and poor, but chiefly of his Lords and Peers :  
 After that same King is dead, his Son King *Charles* should take in hand ,  
 And that he should marry a Queen descended of the Romish Race ,  
 And that Lady Royal Queen will live in *England* Sixteen years ,  
 And many thousand life shall ruine, that she shall be banish'd from her  
 Then difference in opinion ring the land unto disturbance bring, (Peers.  
 Whereby that men should go to War, & fight against their Royal King,  
 And shall the People choose to them a Noble Earl of great Command,  
 To be their Lord chief General, the Kings great Forces to withstand.  
 Many Battels shall be fought, and many Thousands shall be slain,  
 Then shall the mighty General but Three years in his place remain ;  
 Then shall the people choose again a most courageous gallant Knight ,  
 Which shall subdue & triumph all, & conquest most that come to fight;  
 No longer he shall endure, than did the former General :  
 At such time the third shall thirst, and him, and his, and all shall fall.  
 And after him great discontent, the Army in themselves divide, (guide.  
 And mourning, flee from place to place, like strayed Sheep without a  
 And then at last all them that fought, King *Charles* Army did oppose,  
 With another will fall out, and after fall to bloody blowes ;  
 When they weakned have themselves, by means of mutiny and jars,  
 King *Charles* the Second shall appear, to finish up these *English* Wars,  
 With several Navy of brave Ships of *England*, *Holland*, and *Spain*,  
 Shall in his Fathers shore arrive, himself and thousands will advance,  
 So he will be fitted with all speed, upon his Royal Fathers Throne,  
 And Crowned Emperor of *Europe*, and powerfully enjoy his own,  
 To *England*, and comfort great he will the Christian Truth maintain,  
 And what by others are pulled down, by him shall be restored again ;  
 True Subjects *Charles* will govern well, and keep all things in order right,  
 That men shall never afterward bear Arms in *England* for to fight ;  
 Nor shall there any rising here against this Emperor of Renown ,  
 Whereby heaven assisting power shall trample all misfortune down ;  
 His fame through the Christian World shall be spoken by Sea and Land,  
 Never was any of his name held in such Empire time before. (shed,  
 He wil be greater than *Charles* the great, and ruine Traytors their blood to  
 Return true Subjects to their own, & upstart banish'd & lose their heads.

1. Sweet *England* fall to prayers, give Glory unto God,  
 That of his tender Mercy hath turn'd from us his Rod,  
 And brought our King in safety to govern for our Good,  
 Without great Contradiction, or spilling any Blood.

2. Now

2. Now he is come to *England*, we may rejoyce and sing,  
The Round-heads are quite daunted, this is a gallant thing.  
The Cavaliers for many years, have suffered open wrong,  
Shall live in peace, and our hearts at ease, we hope, ere it be long.
3. Excise nor Contribution did *England* never pay,  
Until these bloody Traytors our Gracions King did slay:  
They made us all Delinquents above Ten pound i<sup>th</sup> year;  
They took our wealth by strength and stealth; we bought our lives full dear.
4. The blood of many thousand besides our Gracious King,  
Were spilt like running water, which was a grievous thing;  
Their Corps in heaps lay wailing in number like the sand,  
From such-like Wilful Murther, Good Lord preserve our Land.
5. Divines they have dejected, that Godly were, and Wise,  
Their Means they have Sequestred by tricks of new device,  
And in their place they settled unlearned Dolts to Preach,  
With partial indiscretion they did the simple teach:
6. The Carpenter, the Cobler, the Weaver, and the Smiths,  
The Apothecary and Tinker, that well deserve the Withs,  
Did climb into the Pulpit to Rail at Cavaliers,  
And none dar'd contradict them, we were all in fear,
7. We durst not name our Sovereign *Charles* our Gracious King,  
It was Proclaim'd high Treason, That was a hainous thing.  
Our hearts did burn within us, we pray'd both day and night,  
And now the God Almighty restor'd him to his Right.
8. The Nobles and the Gentry in Prison they did controll,  
We should not see our Countrey unless by strong parowle;  
They did confine and Fine us, from Liberty constrain,  
We could not be discharged, till Lands our Money gain,
9. The Churches they defiled, and burnt the Books with fire,  
To banish true Religion, it was their whole desire.  
They raised such Sects amongst us, we durst not speak a word  
Of any contradiction, they Ruled all by the Sword.
10. The Anabaptists, Quakers, the peevish Puritan,  
Presbyter, Independents, would kill us if they can.  
Good King reform these errors, let true Religion stand,  
Scoure them out of *England*, and God will bless the Land.
11. They burnt great store of Castles, Parks, Houses, and pluck'd down,  
Committed spoyl and ruine in City, Countrey, and Town:  
It will never be recovered, their spoyl hath been so great,  
It passes mans capacity the damage to repair.

12. God bleſs King *Charles* the Second, and ſend him long to reign,  
Duke of *York*, Duke *Albemarle*, all Caviliers to gain:  
The Rebels I alwayes hated, and will while I have breath,  
They did betray our late King, and brought him unto death.
13. God bleſs the Royal iſſue of *CHARLES* that was our King:  
Good Chriſtians come to Prayer, it is a ſitting thing;  
That we may ſee them flouriſh like pleaſant Flowers in *May*,  
And with King *Charles* their Brother in *Europ* bear the ſway.
14. God bleſs the two Queens, *Henrietta* the Dutcheſs I preſent:  
And God give offenders Grace quickly to repent,  
God grant the bleſſed Goſpel among us to remain,  
One Faith and true Repentance, and *Charles* the Great to Reign.
15. God bleſs our gracious King, Queen, and Duke alſo,  
From bloody Seſtaries who are their cruel Foe,  
God can them all to Deſtruction bring,  
That are not faithful Subjects to their King.
16. The Marqueſs of *Worceſter*, and his Son God bleſs,  
To Lord *John Somerſet*, Lord *Gerards* happineſs:  
Earles of *Southampton*, *Briſtol*, and *Pembroke*,  
God keep them all from the Fanatick ſtroke.
17. God bleſs the Lord Preſident, and his Sons all three,  
Sir *Harry*, and Sir *Francis* God grant that they be  
All preſerved from danger, and from harm ſtill,  
That their Enemies may never have their will.
18. God bleſs Sir *William Compton* that noble worthy Knight,  
God bleſs Sir *John Owen* that for our King did fight;  
God bleſs Judge *Jenkins*, Sir *Richard Baſſet* too,  
God bleſs Sir *William Morton*, my prayers with them go.
19. God bleſs all Lords Commander, that have one face, one heart,  
And them that have two faces, the Devil take their part;  
God bleſs all true Royaliſts that loves our gracious King,  
God convert all Seſtaries before next Month begin.
20. God bleſs our gracious King and Queen to ſqueeze the Seſtaries,  
To mark them in their Fore-head, and half their Means ſurprize;  
That they may know our Saviour, and *Charles* our ſecond King,  
Or elſe to ſcowre them from this land, nor leave them any thing.

10 NO 67  
F I N I S

